

52 Northampton, June 3, 1878.
Esteemed Friends:

You will have probably heard before this reaches you, of ^{the} serious accident that has befallen your old friend and fellow worker, Charles C. Burleigh. This afternoon, between five and six o'clock, he left his house, at Florence, to go to the depot, with a letter which he wished to put into the Post Office car. The shortest course from his house, was by way of the railroad track which runs near his home. The train being near at hand, he ran, and on his way, while passing some freight cars standing on a side track, the whistle of the coming train sounded, and he suddenly turning to see how near it was, was thrown down, and the rear truck of the engine struck his head

and laid him senseless upon the ground.
At first he was thought to be dead, but
he is still living, or was when I left his
house, at 8.10 this evening. Just before I
left Florence, he had answered some questions.
But his physicians speak of his case as
quite critical. His age is against him;
but his habits are much in his favor,
as to recovery. I believe the skull bone is bent, but not ^{broken}.

Some of the friends at Florence, outside
of Mr. P.'s family, thought it would be
well to write to you and Wendell Phillips,
acquainting you with the sad news and
the possibility that you both may
be called upon to pay the final tribute
to the gifted friend whose talents and
worth you two have so well known.

I would like to say more, but my
time is limited for getting this to the first mail.

Truly yours,

Wm Lloyd Garrison,
Boston.

Edw Hunt.